

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,605

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

A failed piano concert lays its troubles to the automobile. Few people can afford both.

The next number on the political program is the selection of candidates for representative to the legislature.

John D. Rockefeller has been philosophizing. His latest in this line is: "A continual vacation is just as bad or worse than none at all."

The St. Albans Messenger, in speaking of the platform adopted by the Democrats at their state convention, concludes:

"All... all, however, the constantly growing similarity of party platforms simply emphasizes the very certain conclusion that the best of good Republicans and the best of good Democrats will find themselves together voting the same ticket before many years have passed."

There are indications that some good Republicans and good Democrats will be voting for the same men, if not the same ticket, in this state this year. Independence in voting grows with each succeeding election.

The Republican county convention of Saturday is to be commended for three things, its brevity and its harmony, and especially for general excellence of the candidates for the positions they were nominated for. Chairman W. A. Lord deserves some credit for his brevity, and the Montpelier delegation is entitled to considerable credit for the harmony. Two years ago Montpelier promised to keep out of the state's attorneyship fight this year, if given the office at that time, and the promise was kept. The credit for the excellent candidates selected belongs to all the delegates who took part in the convention.

The campaign against short weights and measures inaugurated in this state by Gov. Prouty is moving steadily onward. In speaking of a crusade by Mayor Gaynor along similar lines in New York, the Springfield Republican says: "Mayor Gaynor deserves credit for his clear thinking and brusque utterance in regard to 'trade custom.' No trade custom can make it honest to sell 34 inches for a yard or 13 ounces for a pound. He was quite as emphatic in his exposure of the sham regard for the consumer in selling elaborate wrappings at a fancy price under the plea of hygienic cleanliness. It is necessary, of course, for packers to be repaid the cost of coverings that protect their products from contamination, but it does not follow that they are to be allowed to sell all the cardboard, tin and glass they please at the price of food. Net weight is the only honest rule, and the New York authorities deserve well in their crusade. The selling of short barrels of sugar has not even this excuse, and Mayor Gaynor is well within reason in declining to believe it an accident that barrels should be so uniformly small, and that never by any chance is an irregularity to the benefit of the consumer. We are all consumers, and a campaign for honest measures ought to have unanimous support."

Current Comment

The Campaign.

The question is, how much of a sentiment is the Republican party of Vermont. The St. Johnsbury Caledonian represents when it refuses to support the nomination of Dr. John A. Mead for the governorship. That there is some disaffection in the ranks is plain enough. That there are some Republicans who will not vote for the head of the ticket at the polls in September is plain enough. Some of these men come out boldly and say so. Others smile and say nothing, which is often more significant. And still others openly avow their intention to vote for the Democratic candidate, without any equivocation whatever.

The campaign has not opened, yet. There is something to be looked for and confidently expected.—St. Albans Messenger.

Lordly Disraeli.

Disraeli once told a lady that two possessions which were indispensable to other people he had always done without. "I made," she said, "every kind of conjecture, but without success, and on my asking him to enlighten me he solemnly answered that they were a watch and an umbrella. 'But how do you manage?' I asked, 'if there happens to be no clock in the room and you want to know the time?' 'I ring for a servant,' was the magniloquent reply. 'Well,' I continued, 'and what about the umbrella? What do you do, for instance, if you are in the park and are caught in a sudden shower?' 'I take refuge,' he replied, 'under a smile of excessive gallantry, under the umbrella of the first pretty woman I meet.'"

Years Following Years

steal something every day; at last they steal us from ourselves away." Life insurance continues the family income. National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual).

S. S. Ballard, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. B. Ballard, local agent, Barre, Vt. (Mutual).

THE RECALL INITIATIVE & REFERENDUM



Yes, we believe in them.

The Recall—you can recall your cash on any purchase you make at our store.

The Initiative—we take it by buying every new style for men's clothing—soon as it is shown—don't wait to see if it's going to be popular.

The referendum—the right of the customer to decide on the value of any article purchased from us.

If our platform meets your approval we want your co-operation.

This week come and vote on quality, style, fit and value of our \$18 Suits.

We Clean, Press and Repair Clothing.



The big store with little prices.

174 North Main Street, Barre, Vermont

Jingles and Jest

Romeo Not Taken Seriously.

Juliet was only fifteen years old, but she thought she was quite grown up. One evening, says Mrs. R. A. Pryor in "My Day," she was receiving on the moonlit veranda a young man called. He, too, it seemed, considered himself grown up. The anxious youth was moved to seize the propitious hour and declare himself. Juliet wished to answer correctly and dismiss him without wounding him.

She assured him mamma would never consent.

A voice from within—they were sitting beneath her mother's window—settled the matter:

"Accept the young man, Juliet, if you want to. I've not the least objection. And let him run along home now. Be sure to bolt the door when you come in."

Evidently the mother had small respect for boy lovers and wished to go to sleep.

Handed It Back.

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a good coat I go to London. They make them there." Before leaving the shop he inquired: "By the bye, do you attend my church?"

"No," was the reply. "When I want to hear a good sermon I go to London. They make them there."—London Tit-Bits.

An Office Engagement.

One of Washington's glided young men came rapidly down the steps of his house half an hour after noon the other day.

"What's the rush?" asked a friend. "Oh, I've got to hurry down to the office or I won't get there in time to go out for lunch."—Saturday Evening Post.

Her Excuse.

Her Horrified Mother.—Mande, I should like to know why you allowed that presumptuous fellow to kiss you. The daughter.—I—I-I thought, mother, no one was looking.

Getting Even.

Howard.—When Dr. Incision operated on me he left a pair of surgical scissors in my anatomy. Can I sue him for damages? Lawyer.—Better just send him a large bill for storage.—Life.

Malicious.

Youngleigh.—Which is the better way to propose, orally or by letter? Cynic.—By letter, certainly. There's a chance that you might forget to mail it.—Exchange.

Admitted.

She.—Oh, I have no doubt you love me, but your love lacks the supreme touch—unselfishness. "What makes you say that?" "You admit it. You want me for yourself alone, you say."

The Utopia of today is the reality of tomorrow.—Penny.

It is a great misfortune not to have enough wit to speak well or not enough judgment to keep silent.—La Bruyere.

Never quit when failure stares you in the face. A little more energy often changes a failure into a great success.

We Are Prospering!
Are You?

If so, deposit your income with this Bank.

A check account is a matter of convenience to you, and much safer than having money in the house or in your pocket. We welcome new accounts, whether \$1.00 or \$1000.00, and the same courtesy and service is accorded the small depositor as those in more fortunate circumstances. Try us.

The People's Nat'l Bank

of Barre, Worthen Block.

OPEN FROM 7 TO 8 MONDAY EVENINGS.

DEATHWATCH BEETLES.

Their Tapping Stands For Courtship and Not For Warning.

Much mental anguish could have been saved to past generations and some not so very far past if people had known that the mysterious tapping of the "deathwatch" stood for courtship and not death. A writer in the Scientific American explains that the various species of the beetle anobium and their bigger relatives of the genus xestobium not only attack furniture, but so completely riddle the whole woodwork of old houses by their borings as to render the structures unsafe. Indeed, a beam that has been tenanted by these insects for a number of years is little better than an outer shell containing a mass of wood dust. The xestobium is the common deathwatch, while the anobium also is in the habit of making a tapping sound.

The nocturnal tapplings of these insects, distinctly audible in a room where there is an otherwise complete absence of noise, has for many centuries been regarded by the superstitious as a warning of the approach of death. This uncanny interpretation of a mysterious sound is scarcely surprising when it is remembered that only in recent years have naturalists discovered its true cause.

The little beetle has been found in some secluded spot, jerking its hard head at regular intervals upon the surface of the wood beneath it. So far as can be told, its tapplings constitute a kind of courtship ritual. Obviously they have no connection with the latter end of mankind.

A RAIN OF FIRE.

The Great Meteoric Shower That Scared Folks in 1933.

In Scharf's "Chronicles of Baltimore" there is a vivid description of the starry halcyon, the fiery meteoric shower, of 1833, and old files of newspapers are made luminous at that date with the impressions of editors and contributors. One writer said it was the grandest and most charming sight ever presented to the vision of man. Awakened from sleep, he sprang to the window, thinking the house was on fire, but when he looked out he beheld stars, or fiery bodies, descending like "torrents." The shed "in the adjoining yard to my own," he wrote, "was covered with stars, as I supposed, during the whole time." Professor Olmstead of Yale college thought that the exhibition was the finest display of celestial fireworks that had been witnessed since the creation of the world, although he, too, while knowing its character, was sufficiently imbued with the theological spirit of the time to believe that it was a solemn portent that carried a divine warning.

One editor whose comment upon this phenomenon was probably more quoted than any other he ever made said: "We pronounce the raining fire which we saw on Wednesday morning an awful type, a forerunner, a merciful sign, of that great and dreadful day which the inhabitants of the earth will witness when the sixth seal will be opened. Many things occurring in the earth tend to convince us that we are now in the latter days."

COUNTING BY TENS.

And a Suggestion as to Why We Buy Things by the Dozen.

Did it ever occur to you as strange that while we count by tens we buy so many articles by the dozen? If we ask the price of apples, oranges, oysters, eggs, collars, handkerchiefs and many other things we will be told so many cents or dollars a dozen, or if large quantities are wanted so much a gross, which means a dozen dozen.

How do you suppose this has come about? It was this way: Nearly all savage people count by their fingers—that is, if they want to tell you they have seen two wild beasts they will hold up two fingers, and if ten they will hold up both hands, and if twenty both hands twice, and so on. Babies also learn to count by their fingers and toes, and to many people it seems as if that were the only possible way.

It is, however, rather a clumsy way, as you find out when you try to divide ten. Say, for example, you have ten apples. You can only make an equal division among two or five persons, while if you have twelve you can give an equal number to two, three, four or six. We find the same inconvenience in dividing a dollar and often have to pay 12 cents for what should properly cost 12 1/2 cents.

If we had been born with two, four six or eight fingers or toes, like some

animals, it is possible that we should have counted differently, but it does not now seem likely there will ever be any change in the ten or decimal system, as it is called, especially since the Arabic numerals now used nearly everywhere are based on this system. —Brooklyn Eagle.

SPOILED THE PLOT.

A Display of Juvenile Affection That Saved the Mongrel.

About three weeks ago there strolled into a Ridley Park house a dirty, disreputable looking dog. He was of no particular breed, but a general mixture of all there are. Out of the kindness of his heart the cook gave him a few bites to eat, and from that time on, try as they would, the family could not get rid of the canine. The small children took a great fancy to the dog and named him Blue. Their father and mother grew tired of seeing Blue around and secretly plotted to get him out of the way. They feared to kidnap him openly by day, for there would surely follow much protest and distress on the part of the children. Accordingly plans were made for losing Blue some place far from Ridley Park by night. The evening that the plot was to be carried out, just after supper, father, mother and a five-year-old boy were in the parlor. The little fellow was fondling the dog as if he were his best friend in the world. Finally he seized the dog firmly under the shoulders and, looking straight into his eyes, barked out: "Bwools, do you wove me?" and then after a moment with joy in his voice, "Bwools woves me and the world is mine." After that touching display neither father nor mother had the heart to deprive the little fellow of "Bwools's" company, and the little mongrel dog seems sure of a comfortable home for life.—Philadelphia Record.

How Japs Play Ken.

In its most widely practiced form the basis of the Japanese game of ken is that the fully outstretched hand signifies paper, the fully closed hand a stone, and two fingers alone extended, the rest being closed, scissors. Each of the players, counting one, two, three, throws out his hand at the moment of pronouncing three, and the one whose manual symbol is superior to that of the other, according to the theory of the game, wins the trial. Superiority is determined on the hypothesis that whereas scissors cannot cut a stone they can cut paper and whereas paper is cut by scissors it can wrap up a stone—consequently scissors are inferior to stone, but conquer paper; stone is inferior to paper, but conquers scissors, and paper is inferior to scissors, but conquers stone. There are innumerable varieties of the game.

The Only Thing They Ever Did. John Bright's powers of sarcasm were almost unrivaled. Some of his sharpest utterances were against members of the nobility. When boasia had been made of the antiquity of a prominent family, that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror, his reply was prompt. "I never heard that they did anything else."

SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

Nights of Wasteful Debauchery That Wore Him Out.

"Yes, I'm dissipated too much," said the red faced rustic as he rubbed his head despondently. "Dissipated?" gasped his friend. "That's the word I used. You've heard that expression about burning life's candle at both ends? Well, that's my case exactly. To tell the truth, I have been having too gay a time. Last night I went down to the Blue Moon and drank a soda. Then some traveling man offered me a cigar. Of course I had to take it."

"You don't mean it?" "I mean just what I say. Then I bought a ham sandwich. I ate it and actually forgot myself and took another. On my way home I dropped into the church social for a few minutes. Some of the young ladies made me try the 'peppy dip,' and I drew a blank."

"Such extravagance?" "That's exactly it. Extravagance and dissipation will kill me. It was 9 o'clock before I reached home."

"Nine o'clock?" "Yes, I must be sowing my wild oats. Well, I've finished now. Night before last I called on my girl. She wouldn't let me leave until I had taken her out and bought chocolate creams. Talk about pleasure hunting! I'm simply worn out after these nights of wasteful debauchery."—Pearson's Weekly.

THE STRONG WOMAN

By M. QUAD

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During the first year of her existence the female who came to be known as "the strong woman" was called Hetty Davis. That was her correct name. George Davis was a farmer, and both he and his wife were undersized people. The infant was a weakling, and the doctors frankly said that the first symptoms of menies would be the end of her.

At the age of eighteen months Hetty took a start in life and was soon known as "the big kid." She took on fat and simply played with mumps, measles and whooping cough. Her weight at two years was that of the average girl of ten. She grew from "the big kid" to "the big girl." At the age of sixteen they were calling her "the strong woman," and that title stuck to her.

The Davis farm was worth marrying, and there was money in the bank besides. There were young men and bachelors and widowers who were willing to marry it. They came courting and were laughed at, but at length the strong woman announced that on a certain day, if the swains would all gather at her farm, she would select a husband from among them. The gathering numbered thirty. As they sat around casting sheep's eyes at her she rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I want a man who can control me. The man who wins me must beat me in a fair rough and tumble fight. There are no other conditions."

There were only five men out of the thirty who wanted matrimony that way. Out of the five there was a widower forty years old who could mow hay and hoe more corn than any other for ten miles round. He stepped out on the grass and peeled his coat and vest and spat on his hands. According to authentic reports, he was a licked man in five minutes. Not only that, but he carried a stiff neck for the rest of his life. The strong woman had almost twisted his head off, and none of the others came forward as No. 2.

The farm was run by hired men. Now and then for the first two years they got impatient at times or did not keep up to their work. They were kicked unmercifully, thrown over the fence into the road or sent away with broken bones. It was a great highway for tramps, or had been. They came along in bunches. They stopped and demanded food. They even threatened things. When they got to threats the strong woman called in.

She struck and slapped; she kicked and bit; she knocked their heads together until their ears rang for days afterward. Her greatest victory was over a bunch of five. After the news of that got abroad all tramps would go six miles around to dodge her farm. The strong woman paid no attention to science. She just waded right in any old way to win, and if she got her teeth fastened upon a man's ear it was bad for him.

The strong woman didn't pay much attention to other women. She knew they didn't like her and that they gossiped about her, but she continued to pass it by for years. Then a casual remark rolled her. A certain woman said that she was so homesy that she couldn't catch a husband. No homesy woman ever yet admitted that she was homesy, nor was there ever an old maid ready to admit that she had tried and failed. The strong woman sent out notice that she had hit the trail for a husband. No one responded. On the contrary, men hid out in barns and haystacks and trembled in their shoes. Two weeks and no husband.

Then the strong woman bought a bear trap, covered the teeth with heavy cloth and set it at the open barn door. Three nights passed without a victim, but at midnight on the fourth night along came a horse thief, snarly, and was caught by the leg. His yells of pain aroused the woman, and she lighted the lantern and went out. After taking a good look at the prisoner she turned away with the remark:

"I guess you'll do. Stay right here till morning."

July Clearance Sale

on Ladies' garments, Waists, Dresses, Skirts, Coats, Petticoats, Ladies' and Children's Dresses.

Goods Bought Here are all of First Quality.

Corser Covers up to 45c, now 25c.

Night Robes 45c and 69c.

Night Robes that were \$1.00 now 85c.

\$1.19 Robes, extra value, for 98c.

Ladies' Chemise, 29c, 49c, 59c up.

Children's Dresses, 6 to 14 years, 98c and \$1.25.

All our Children's Hats reduced. One lot Children's Hats, 1-2 price.

Don't miss our Clearance Sale of Wash Goods.

It Pays to Visit Vaughan's

The Vaughan Store

DON'T YOU NEED A NEW

FILING CABINET OR SECTIONAL BOOKCASE?

Look around. There is probably a place in your office or home where one of the "Everlast" Steel Filing Cabinets or one of these genuine "Gunn" Sectional Bookcases would fit in nicely.

They are becoming to any office or room. Useful, handy, long-enduring describes their qualities. We are showing a splendid stock of them.

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Funeral Directors. Licensed Embalmers. Residence: 111 Eastern Avenue and 111 Seminary Street. Telephone: 47-11. Store: 47-11. House: 47-21 and 71-1. We Use NATIONAL CASSET CO. Goods. COMFORTABLE AMBULANCE FURNISHED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

He begged and pleaded and yelled, but there he stayed for four hours more. Then came daylight and his captor, and she asked:

"Does it happen that you are a married man?"

"No."

"Then you soon will be. Listen to me. You'll be laid up for about a week. After that we shall be married, you and I."

"I marry you?" he asked after a long look at her.

"You will."

"I'll go to prison first."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. Perhaps you've heard of me—the strong woman."

He uttered a groan of despair.

"They say I can't find a husband, but I'll show 'em!"

"But, woman, I'm a horse thief!"

"I don't care for that."

It is a fact that after a week they were married. It is a further fact that he ran away, and after a hunt of a month she brought him back and hammered him until he didn't get out of bed for three weeks. He settled down then and made a good husband, and the two lived happily together for twenty years, when the strong woman met a death befitting her name. A barn sixty feet long and thirty feet wide blew over on her, and she was gathered to her fathers. A walnut tree or a brick house couldn't have done it.

Sermons at All Prices.

"Brethren," said the visiting preacher, "I've got a eight dollar sermon, an' I've got a six dollar sermon, an' I've got a five dollar one an' a three dollar one, an' den I've got one I kin let you have fur jes' one dollar. Now, I want you fur to take up the kerlection right now, an' we'll see which one uv dese sermons you wants."—Exchange.

FUNERAL COSTUMES.

Their Extravagance Curb'd by Law at One Time in England.

Sumptuary mourning laws were formerly found necessary in England to restrict the extravagance of the nobility and their imitators in the matter of funeral costumes. At the end of the fifteenth century it was laid down that dukes, marquises and archbishops should be allowed sixteen yards of cloth for their gowns, "sloppers" (mourning cassocks) and mantles; earls fourteen, viscounts twelve, barons eight, knights six and all persons of inferior degree only two. Hoods were forbidden to all except those above the rank of esquire of the king's household.

In the following century Margaret, countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VIII, issued an ordinance for the "reformation of apparel for great estates of women in times of mourning." So it seems that men and women have met in the extravagance of sorrow.

Even 200 years ago London tradesmen found that court mourning seriously affected their business. Addison relates that at a tavern he often met a man whom he took for an ardent and eccentric royalist. Every time this man looked through the Gazette he exclaimed, "Thank God, all the reigning families of Europe are well." Occasionally he would vary this formula by making reassuring remarks respecting the health of British royalists. After some time Addison discovered that this universal royalist was a colored silk merchant, who never made a bargain without inserting in the agreement, "All this will take place as long as no royal personage dies in the interval."—London Chronicle.

If You Want "Something a Little Different" You'll Find It at

THE McCUEN STORE

Montpelier

"The Finest Stock of Ready-to-Wear Garments in Central Vermont."

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CLEAN SWEEP SALE

We start Saturday our First Grand Clean Sweep Sale since our re-organization, and we have left "no stone unturned" to make it a sale long to be remembered. Every department of our store is included in this great sale and we've simply lost sight of the cost and marked goods at prices that can mean only one thing—their quick disposal. We wish to emphasize the fact that all prices quoted are from our usual low prices and we guarantee every article advertised to be exactly as represented. We have two reasons for this sale—one of them is we must make room for the largest showing of Fall Merchandise we have ever shown—the other reason, we'll tell you later. Some of the advertised lots are small; plan to come early.